

A
LETTER
TO THE
Bishop of Munster;
Christopher Bernard Mattheus [von Galen]
Containing a *Præface, &c.*
PANEGYRICK
OF HIS
Heroick Atchievements,
IN
HEROICK VERSE.

LIV. Orat. *Injurias & non redditas, causam
huiusce esse belli andisse videor.*

London, Printed in the Year 1666.



TRES-ILLUSTRE ET TRES-EXCELLENT PRINCE,
CHRISTOPHLE-BERNARD DE GALEN,
EVESQUE DE MUNSTER, PRINCE DV SAINT EMPIRE,
*Ce Prince est apresent en guerre avec les Estats Generaux des Prouvinces
unies des Pays-bas à l'occasion des places d'Eideler et de BorKelo.*

Avril 1678

34.17



A
LETTER

TO THE

Bishop of Montreal

Containing a

PANEGYRIC

OF THE

Heroic Archbishop



BY THE REV. FATHER

JOSEPH-ANTOINETTE, S.J.
Superior of the Mission of St. Joseph, Montreal



A LETTER

TO THE

Bishop of Munster, &c.

R Enowned *Prince*, Master of Might and Myter,
 With sword of Flesh, and sword of Spirit fighter;
 Ride on and prosper : (Sir) where you are Head
 That Army's by a *Prince* and *Prophet* led,
Moses and *Aaron* : In a word you are
 Both *Mars* and *Mercury*. Councel and Warre.

A 2

Your

A.

P. B. 47.

Your *Camp* consists of *Christian* Souldiers right,
And bravely do under *Christs* Banner fight.

Who ever sees you in the Field must grant
That now the Church is truly militant.

The *French* and *Dutch*, pure saints are in this fray,
That fight against the Church, are they not pray ?

But they have found on both sides to their loss

The *Bishops* Crozier, *France* and *Holland's* cross.

Whilest your bright two edg'd Sword, if I may say

Like that of *Paradice* ? turns every way.

You fight with here both *Babylon* and *Mecha*,

Strugling with divers Nations like *Rebecka*.

Holland has all, that's no Religion ; *France*

Has complemented *Christ* to a Romance.

You're come to do, what Mortal hardly can,

Christen a *Jew*, and a *Samaritan*.

The frantick *French*, for so it seem'd you good,
 To cure their Frenzie you baptiz'd in blood.
 And for the *Dutch*, on a hard task you fall,
 Yet cut their Sluces, you baptize 'em all.
 The Faith's Defender promis'd to appear,
 Great *Britten's* Monarch to be God-father :
 God-father did I say ? unworthy Elves,
 He comes to make 'em answer for themselves.
 He did last year baptize their *Admir'lie* :
 As God did the *Ægyptians* i'th' *Red Sea*.
 But you (great Sir) you have 'em every way,
 As *Prince* you beat, as *Priest* you make 'em pray ;
 And glad they can get quarter on their knees,
 'Tis doubly fought, *Paul's* Sword and *Peter's* Keyes ;
 As for their *Plumb-broth*, though I tast it not,
 I'm sure the *Bishop* set his foot i'th' pot.

All Winter they in troubled waters fliht,
 A merry *Christmas* many times was wiht.
 But as to you Sir Heaven has strow'd your way
 With dust of Diamonds; and Pearls that lay
 Thick as the piles of grafs; where could ye go
 But through th' Almighty's treasury of Snow?
 The Chrystal waves conspir'd for want of Wood
 To make themselves your Bridge o're their own flood.
 The half starv'd *Dutch* a much worse bargain got,
 A winter was too cold, service too hot.
 Yet to this comfort oft they did resort,
 The season though severe, the dayes were short:
 And yet to such of them as dar'd to fight
 They were so long they thought 'twould ne're be night.
 Some fought for long, what others found too soon,
 Such as were got in a dead sleep by noon:

They

They never heard the pamper'd *Fransers* stamp,

Nor wak'd they at the thunder of the *Camp*.

Endimion did but wink, to these, whose eyes

Morphews had lockt up with his leaden keyes.

'Tis not a *Cucko* storm, no, no, ware head

Cryes out the trembling boor, when it hails lead :

Flemmings look to't, here comes a new Spring tide,

Y' had need besluice your selves on *Flanders* side.

Here comes the *Bishop* with a deluge round ye,

Not to confirm ye, hang ye, but confound ye.

Has laid his hands upon your heads, I trow

You never thought to have been *Bishopt* so.

You must expect so long as he abides

In *Flanders*, he will soundly lace your sides.

Flanders will serve him for Lawn-sleeves he sayes,

But he'l have *Holland* for his Surplices.

He'l make ye write again, if at these rates
 He humble ye, *The poor distressed States*.

Address your suite then to the Myter'd man,
 And lowly fall fore your *Diocesan*.

The mouths of *Cannons* speak his loud *Oration*,
 Believe it *Boors*, 'tis a sharp *Visitation*.

Who e're till now our eyes the witness be
 Had thought t'have seen *Holland* a *Bishops* See?

F I N I S .



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